Lies all within, and these externall manners
Of laments are meerely shadowes to the vnseene,
Griefe that swells with silence in the tortured soule: x
And I thanke thee King that not onely giuest
Me cause to waile, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause: Ile begge one boone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.

Bull. Name it faire Coosin.

Rich. Faire Coose, why? I am greater then a King:
For when I was a king, my flatterers were then but subiects
Being now a subiect, I haue a King heere
To my flatterer; being so great, I haue no need to beg.

Bul. Yet aske.

Rich. And shall I haue it?

Bul. You shall.

Rich. Why then giue me leaue to goe.

Bul. Whither?

Ric. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Bul. Goe some of you conuay him to the tower.

Rich. O good conuay, conuayers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true Kings fall.

* *Bul.* On Wednesday next we solemnely set downe,
Our Coronation; Lords prepare your selues.

Exeunt. Manet West. Carleill, Aumerle.

Abbot. A woefull Pageant haue we heere beheld.

Car. The woe's to come; the children yet vnborne,
Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as thorne.

Aum. You holy Clergie men, is there no plot,
To rid the Realme of this pernitious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speake my mind heerein,
You shall not onely take the Sacrament
To bury mine intent, but also to effect
What euer I shall happen to deuise:
I see your browes are full of discontent,
Your heart of sorrow, and your eies of teares:
Come home with me to supper, Ile lay a plot,
Shall shew vs all a merry day.

Exeunt.

Enter

x *Then lies the substance; And I thank thee King for thy great bounty, that &c. 4.to Edit.*

Cosin I am my

it omitted

why omitted

* *My Lord before ye Abbot.*

* *Let it be so: and loe on Wednesday next We solemnly proclaime our Coronation Lords prepare you all. Fol. Edit.*

Actus Quintus Scena prima.

Enter Queene, with her attendants.

Queene. This way the King will come, this is the wa
To *Iulius Cæsars* ill erected Tower,
To whose flint bosome my condemned Lord
Is doomde a Prisoner by proud *Bullingbrooke*.
Heere let vs rest, if this rebellious earth
Haue any resting for her true Kings Queene.

Enter Richard. x

But soft, but see, or rather, do not see,
My faire Rose wither: yet looke vp, behold,
That you in pittie may dissolue to deaw,
And wash him fresh againe with true loue teares.
Ah thou the modell where old *Troy* did stand!
Thou mappe of Honour, thou King *Richards* toomb
And not King *Richard*: thou most beauteous Inne,
Why should hard fauourd griefe be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an Alehouse guest?

Rich. Ioyne not with griefe, faire woman, do not so
To make my end too sudden, learne good soule,
To thinke our former state a happy dreame,
From which awakt, the truth of what we are,
Shewes vs but this: I am sworne (brother sweete)
To grimme Necessitie, and he and I
Will keepe a league till death. Hie thee to *France*,
And cloyster thee in some religious house:
Our holy liues must winne a new worlds Crowne,
Which our prophane houres here, haue thrown do
Queene. What is my *Richard* both in shape and m
Transformd and weakned? hath *Bullingbrooke*
Deposd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The Lyon dying thrusteth foorth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage,
To be o'repowerd; and wilt thou Pupil-like
Take thy correction, mildly kisse the rodde,
And fawne on Rage with base humiltie,
Which art a Lyon, and a King of beasts?

King. A King of beasts indeed, if aught but bea

x *Scene 1.*